

**IN MEMORY OF BURNS:**  
CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE  
AYRSHIRE POET'S DEATH.

*Memorial Observances That Will Attend  
Sessions From All Over the World to  
Remember the Great Poet—A. Staine  
to Highland Home.*

On July 21 it will be just a century  
since the death of Robert Burns. Oil  
that day not only all of Scotland will  
revive the memories of the beloved poet,  
but France will gather from the four  
quarters of the earth, to take part in  
ceremonies the centenary memorial oil  
the nation. And not only the banks of  
the bonny Doon will gather from the  
four quarters of the earth, but the  
English language is spoken, will the  
memory of the Ayrshire poet be brought  
to mind.

From this country, where perhaps  
there are almost as many of old Scotland's

will go large delegations for the purpose of participating in the celebration. Almost every Scottish society in America will send representatives, who will gather at various places in their native land. Andrew Carnegie, who is the honorary president of the New York Scottish society, will go, of course, as will many other noted sons of Scotland. Many hundreds, if not thousands, will cross the sea mainly for the purpose of seeing the memory of their favorite poet-honored on the familiar beach.

All of Scotland, Highland and low-

will be elaborate ceremonies, which will attract great audiences. At Edinburgh and Glasgow especially there will be programmes of memorial exercises that will include literary, musical and convivial features.

One of the chief events will occur at Dumfries, where is located one of the largest of the many monuments that the Scots have erected to the memory of the

popular bard. The celebration there will be conducted by the Dumfries Burns club and the Earl of Rosebery will act as president. Local clubs and societies, with representatives of similar organizations from all parts of the world, will join in procession and march to the mausoleum where wreaths and other emblems will be deposited and fitting exercises held. After the return from the monument there will be a public banquet in



large hall at which speeches and singing will be indulged in as a matter of course.

At Danboon, a quaint old Scot-



ish village on the Firth of Clyde, will be unveiled a heroic bronze statue of Highland Mary. It stands on the rocks in front of



HIGHLAND MARY  
STATUE

as it is not far distant from the farm, house of Auchmore, where was born Mary Campbell, the early love of Burns, whom he mourned when he sang:

Now green's the sod and cold's the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

The statue can be seen for miles up and down the river and marks one of

the many historic spots in the neighborhood. The artist who executed the work is D. W. Stearnson, R. S. A., who took the details of the costume from the works of David Allen, who well knew Highland Mary and was, in his day, famous for his illustrations of Scottish life and scenes, so it may safely be said that

Just across the waters of the Clyde is the Ayrshire coast which is replete with memories of Burns. In the city of Ayr itself stands a fine statue of the poet which was unveiled a few years ago. Not far from this statue, just outside the town, is the humble cottage in

The "and clay biggin" is now a cherished spot and is religiously cared for by a society which, with true Scottish thrift, charges small admission to each visitor to the shrine of poetry. The cottage stands today, it is said, as it did when, on that cold windy day in Jan-

uary, 1769, "rastin, rovin Roblin" first saw the light. Even now you can readily see in what intense poverty Burns must have lived. There are only two rooms in the house outside of those used as a barn. It was in the kitchen where Burns was born. The roof is low and is scarcely six feet from

the floor of broken flagstone. There is a fireplace on one side, where the family cooking was done, and the bed is made in a deep lodge beside it. A table and some chairs constitute the furniture of the room. It was here, as the poet himself has described it, that he was born, when

O'er monarch's blindfold year but one  
Was five and twenty days begun.  
'Twas then a blast o' Janawar' win  
Blow hanel in on Robin.

And hanel indeed did blow, for the  
wind lifted the roof from one end, and  
Barna' mother was forced to take shel-  
ter in the house of a neighbor.

**The Oldest Love Letter.**  
A proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess, made 2,600 years ago, has been discovered in the British museum. It is in the form of an inscribed brick, and is not only the old-

est, but the most substantial love letter  
in existence.







